

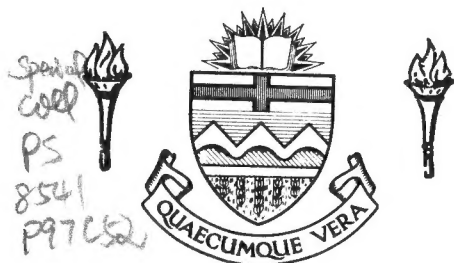
CHEERIO  
*and other*  
RHYMES *of* HOPE

*by*  
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## Cheerio !

They tried his optimistic talk to stop,  
And prophesied his wings some day would flop;  
But he'd smile at them and say,  
"The weather seems O. K.,"  
Though threatening skies said rain was soon to drop.

They said he hardly ever saw things straight,  
Always calling life worth-while and simply great;  
He'd reply, "As I draw near  
Entrance to the glad New Year,  
Fear, distrust and gloom, I leave outside the gate."

They emphasized croup, colds, la grippe—disease,  
And cynically asked him, "What of these?"  
"Doctors say," he made reply,  
"Perhaps two per cent will die,  
Ninety-eight per cent will merely cough and sneeze."

"How," they asked, "can you say life is really good?"  
Depression's here and folk need coal and wood!"  
"Kindly welfare friends," he'd say,  
"Have an eye on such today;  
And see also that they have sufficient food."

They groaned and grumbled over everything;  
"There's a time," they said, "to weep as well as sing."  
"Yes," he answered, "that is true,  
Weep, if that's all you can do;  
But tearful-whining needed help won't bring."

So he went his way through life and sang a song;  
Smiling on the journey whether short or long;  
When he met a chap in need,  
He took time his plight to heed;  
Strong in faith himself and helping folk be strong.

There's enough in life to make all sad and blue,  
And through it may be little we can do;  
Yet if each with cheerful heart,  
Cares and shares and does his part,  
There'll be joy for all, and some left over too.

## Tonic for the Times

Our world is full of voices proclaiming people's ills,  
And many a quack rejoices prescribing piffle - pills;  
"The end of all is nearing," says one of outlook void,  
Whose message far from cheering, for some faith has destroyed;  
"Few faithful folk are living," wails a bilious brother sad,  
Such hopeless talk forth-giving just as if it made him glad.

Came Jesus to an age of doubt when faith and hope were dim,  
All fear by faith to put to rout for all who came to Him;  
"Try again the other side! Be e'er of good cheer!  
Have faith in God what e'er betide, and know that He is near,"  
And as men to the Master in eagerness gave heed,  
With faith they faced disaster, strong in every hour of need.

I think if He were here today, compassionate as then,  
A word of hope and cheer He'd say to all the sons of men:  
And though our need be e'er so great and great, too, be our sin,  
He'd speak of faith and not of fate, and help us fight and win.

If men, His faith possessing, set out life's work to do,  
Such faith their own hearts blessing would aid other workers too;  
In times like these, my brethern, 'twould be easy just to quit,  
But God depends on sturdy souls who always keep at it.

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## A Little Girl's Thanks

I'm thankful this year for a number of things,  
My heart is so happy, it dances and sings.

I'm thankful for Home and for Mother and Dad,  
Whose kindness and care make me ever so glad.

I'm thankful for Sister and wee Brother Phil,  
Who finds it hard keeping his hands and feet still.

I'm thankful for Church—School, and you, too, should be,  
For there we are taught to live life worthily.

I'm thankful for day-school and for Teacher too,  
So many hard lessons she helps me to do.

I'm thankful to God for this goodness to me,  
And to prove I am grateful, a good girl I'll be.

## To Win

He took from dull "depression" the letters "d-e-i,"  
And "press-on" with a challenge helped to keep his spirit high.

He clipped from grim "discourage" "d-i-s" and, lo, he saw  
Stout "courage" still was left him, so he smiled and set his jaw.

He trimmed forbidding "cannot," taking "n-o-t" away,  
"I can," he said, and whistled, and his work went well that day.

He transformed useless "crying" substituting "t" for "c,"  
And useful "trying" kept him working on the job with glee.

And every word suggesting a thing could not be done,  
He changed or else discarded, and of course he fought and won!

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## As Vacation Nears

The busy year has come to close, and though I thought it long,  
Today my heart is happy, and I sing a cheerful song;  
For now, at length, vacation-time brings work its glad "amen,"  
And fast as I can make my way, I'm going home again.

The year has brought me countless joys, I'm thankful for them all  
The friendships formed, the lessons learned with profit I recall;  
And even disappointments met, and failures now and then,  
Are easier to think of as I face toward home again.

The grace and joy of life are found by those engaged in work,  
None sings the praise of men who daily-duties shun and shirk;  
And when the record's written with a work-producing pen,  
Come peace and joy as tired folk go to their homes again.

I rather think 'twill be like this when ends life's little day,  
And from earth's scenes and friends our spirits swift are borne away;  
Our labors ended, welcomed to the House not made by men,  
In Heaven, as here, we shall rejoice to be at Home again.

## **Communion**

Every upper room is sacred where disciples of the Lord,  
Seek the Bread and Cup of Blessing in obedience to His word.

Everyone who comes has welcome, if the purpose be sincere,  
Who remembers thus the Master finds His love that casts out fear

Each remembrance of the Saviour, as we humbly wait and pray,  
Aids the Spirit with His message, helps us heed without delay.

Everytime the Cup Symbolic and the Broken Bread we take,  
Hunger of the soul we lesson, thirst for righteousness we slake.

Seek then oft' the Master's table, in remembrance of His love,  
And be certain God will bless you from His gracious throne above

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## **I Want to See a Circus**

I want to see a circus with lions and giraffe,  
And funny, dancing, painted clowns who make the people laugh;  
If I could earn some money, I'd see the show today,  
Or p'raps I'd go if someone would only pay my way.

I want to see a circus with tents and everything,  
Where noisy hands keep playing while someone tries to sing;  
I want to see the monkeys, the snakes and hippo's too;  
If you have no small children, I'd like to go with you.

I want to see a circus, gee, how I wish I had  
A Ma with barrels of money, or a banker for a Dad;  
I keep on making wishes, then let it go at that,  
But if I had a ticket, I should go as quick as scat.

Last night I teased my Daddy until he promised me,  
Next time a circus comes to town he'll go along you see;  
So I am watching every train that comes each day, you bet,  
And praying every night that I may see a circus yet.

## **Pessimistic Phoebe**

Sits all day, and grumbles, hardly moves at all,  
Won't move 'round, fears tumbles, issues constant call;  
Every day complaining, if it's cold or hot,  
Hates life when it's raining, dislikes when it's not.

Has all earth's diseases, pains in every joint,  
Kindness ne'er appeases, rather gives woe point;  
Indigestion worries, rheumatism, gout,  
Her to grave-yard hurries, knows she's passing out.

Terrified at thunder, covers up her head,  
Each sound causes wonder that she isn't dead;  
Must have someone near her through the night and day,  
Scared hell-fire'll sear her should she pass away.

Eats three meals with vigor, what an appetite!  
Puts on flesh, gets bigger, moans her clothes fit tight;  
Says her soul is getting toward another clime,  
Cranks like her, I'm betting, live a long, long time.

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## **The Hearts High Hope**

"If it were not so  
I would have told you," said the Lord;  
Trusting His followers  
With joy received His word;  
Not a promise made had failed,  
They believed though doubts assailed.

"If it were not so,  
I would have told you," reads the page;  
Seeking hearts find solace there  
And trust Him age to age;  
He speaks with full authority  
Of life and immortality.

"If it were not so,  
I would have told you—" Lo, He dies!  
Saddened His disciples all  
Look up toward hopeless skies;  
But as they His tomb draw near,  
"Risen is the Christ," they hear.

"If it were not so,  
Would He have told us?" ask the men  
On the road to Emmanus,  
And Christ appears again;  
All of doubt is driven away,  
As they talk with Him that day.

"If it were not so,  
I would have told you—" "Heart of mine,  
O still believe the Master,  
God's Messenger Divine."  
The Easter day, His empty tomb,  
Have robbed the grave and death of gloom.

"If it were not so,  
I would have told you—" Jesus lives!  
And to all who trust His word,  
Glad hope eternal gives;  
His word authentic long ago,  
Thank God, today is even so.

## Remembrance Day

O, Spirit of the soldier dead, this day of memory,  
Speak to the listening hearts of men who cherish liberty;  
Remind us ere this solemn day fades quickly from our view,  
The price of our security, our sacred debt to you;  
Retell the thrilling story of answers to the call,  
When patriots were glad to give in service, life and all;  
And hearing may we make response as those who now have gone,  
In peace, as in the days of war, steadfast to carry on.

O, spirit of the mighty dead, for our advantage slain,  
Speak to all who have ears to hear, and bring to mind again  
Forced marches, weary vigil, hell of war by day and night,  
Whole hearted sacrifices made for Country, God and Right;  
Of wounds and suffering tell us, of prayers for Death's release,  
While we were sheltered safely in our homes in quiet peace;  
And hearing may we heed the call resounding far and wide,  
To live for peace in honor of war-heroes who have died.

O, Spirit of the noble dead, we give thee praise today,  
And countless flags salute thee, while in speech men homage pay;  
To stirring music sounding clear, we march, a mighty throng,  
Our faces wreathed in smiles and on our lips a joyful song;  
O, Spirit speak to us in tones to challenge us, we pray,  
To pledge allegiance such as thine on this Remembrance Day;  
Create within our hearts high hopes, a world at peace to see,  
And bid us match our words with deeds, if we would honor Thee



## **A B.H.P.H. Prayer**

Master, in whose steps we follow  
Where Thy spirit guides our feet;  
Gratefully our praise we render,  
While within Thy courts we meet;  
For the gift of life we thank Thee,  
And for strength renewed each day;  
For Thy love and constant mercy  
Lord, the Truth, the Life, the Way.

Son of man, who served men daily  
Doing good to all in need;  
Pouring out Thy life for others  
Showing love in word and deed;  
Grant that we may catch Thy spirit,  
And our lives in service give;  
For the good we may accomplish  
And Thy glory may we live.

Son of God, our Saviour precious,  
Bless our fellowship most dear;  
Day by day enlarge our vision,  
Making kingdom duties clear;  
With the best of life before us,  
May we consecrated be,  
To a joyous willing service  
For the Church, O Christ, and Thee.

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## **A Lullaby**

Twilight gently falling, bright stars soon will peep,  
Eyes grown heavy, time Babe were asleep.  
Sandman 'round the corner, white crib standing near,  
Safe with mother, sleep, Baby dear.

Playthings all forgotten, strewn over the floor,  
Doll's house tumbled, wide open the door;  
Left until tomorrow's bright sun shall appear,  
Waiting mistress, sleep, Baby dear.

Sweet dreams through the night-time, my little one dear,  
Heavenly whispers fall soft on thine ear;  
God's angels beside you, their blest vigil keep,  
Until morning, sleep, Baby sleep.

## A Christmas Meditation

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
There was no room, they say;  
The Inn was overcrowded,  
So he was turned away;  
And in a manger He was laid,  
While in the rooms above,  
Hearts sheltered thoughtless selfishness,  
And closed the door of love.

He comes each year at Christmas-tide,  
In quest of room, they say;  
But human hearts show little change,  
Not many bid Him stay;  
All through the winter night Christ walks,  
Scarce finding place to rest,  
While busy folk, still thoughtlessly,  
Ignore the Heavenly Guest.

And ere the morning light appears,  
The lone Christ kneels in prayer,  
And only God's dear pitying eye,  
Looks kindly on Him there;  
Seekers for peace and happiness,  
Their vision dimmed by doubt;  
Reject the sure reward of faith,  
By keeping Jesus out.

O, patient Master, waiting yet,  
Our word to let Thee in;  
How blind our eyes with selfishness,  
How dulled our minds by sin!  
O, may Thy Grace cause every heart,  
Thy dwelling-place to be;  
No longer walk the cold, dark streets—  
We make room, Lord, for Thee.



